

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1887.

NO. 216.

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays  
—AT—  
\$3 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

### MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Capt. Evans has sown 110 acres of oats this spring.

—Sallie Stigall, a worthy colored girl, died Tuesday, of pneumonia.

—Twenty-five witnesses went down to the Carter trial from here Tuesday.

—Purman Lee, familiarly known as General, died Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock.

—14 pounds granulated sugar for \$1. 16 pounds best C sugar for \$1. F. L. Thompson.

—Largest assortment Best goods Lowest prices. Where at? Logan Thompson's of course.

—One of our physicians, who was in Salt Lake City a few years since, is, we think, a half way believer.

—Those early gardeners will now have the trouble of replanting the space now occupied by frozen seeds.

—In the bastardy suit of Julia Owens against Sam Hix, in the county court Monday, a compromise was agreed upon and the case dismissed.

—The distilling firms of Jno. Riddle and E. M. Denny have formed a copartnership and have also bought the merchandise stock of A. Catron and hereafter the firm will be known as Denny, Riddle & Co.

—D Cook, of Reedville, this county, bought at Administrator's sale of the Roberts heirs, last Monday, the homestead for \$800. Louis Rowlett bought at same time 50 acres belonging to same heirs for \$180.

—Judge Jno. M. Fish is spoken of as a very suitable person for candidate on the democratic ticket for the Legislature, also the name of R. L. Myers is being mentioned as one who would make a good race if nominated.

—In your last issue the name of W. F. McClary was suggested as being a suitable candidate for the Legislature from your county. If he has as many warm friends in Lincoln as he has in this county he stands a very good show for the nomination.

—W. R. Barnett has been granted a pension. H. D. Williams, of Junction City, was here. Miss L. M. Myers, of Pleasant Valley, is attending Mrs. Nesbitt's school.

—Mr. John Welsh is home from Louisville for a short visit to friends and relatives. W. H. Moseley, Esq., Assistant Route Agent of the Adams Express, was here Wednesday.

—About half past 8 o'clock Monday night one of the saddest tragedies that has ever occurred at this place was enacted by two boys, Willette Vowels and Willie Livesey, aged 10 and 14 respectively. It seems that they in company with some other boys were out playing last Sunday when a boyish dispute arose over some trivial matter connected with the play, when probably a blow or two was exchanged, but was soon settled and the boys went on with their play as usual. They met at the grocery store of Walk Newcomb, near the depot, when they made reference to the little dispute that took place the day before and after talking the matter over for a little while in which neither appeared to get mad, young Vowels stepped to the door and asked Livesey to come to him. Livesey followed and on reaching the door Vowels struck him with a knife, which afterwards proved to be a spring back dirk with a blade about three inches in length. Livesey turned and attempted to pick up something to throw at Vowels saying, "I will get you," and fell to the floor and expired in less than a minute. Medical aid was summoned but the boy was dead some minutes before its arrival. Young Vowels ran home as soon as he did the stabbing, but knew not the extent of his deadly work, Willie Livesey was a son of Hetty Livesey, and was a bright boy. He was living with the family of D. N. Williams at this place. Willette Vowels is the next eldest son of J. E. Vowels, one of our most enterprising and respected citizens, who deeply deploras the unfortunate affair. The boy has always been a very quiet lad and many believe that he did not aim to cut his companion, but thought to scare him by pretending that he was trying to cut him, being under the impression that the blade of the dirk would slide back into the handle like it had done in many cases before in the hands of different boys about town, who had been in the habit of playing and fooling with it. It is believed that he meant to press the spring and allow the blade to slide, but failed to do so and the fatal cut was the result. He was arrested and placed under guard and the trial set for Wednesday, and on that day postponed till Friday. Young Livesey was buried Tuesday evening.

—The dress coat has to earn its living in Alabama. A Mobile newspaper says that at a recent ball a gentleman wore the swallow tail coat in which he was married fifteen years ago, which seventeen other bridegrooms had worn and which had done duty at 43 weddings.

### The Boss Lie.

A Harrodsburg correspondent furnishes the Courier Journal this account of a wonderful surgical operation: A man by the name of Haggin had been blown out of a well by the premature explosion of a blast, and was carried home with his brains oozing from an ugly wound above the right temple. Dr. Slavins was summoned and immediately had Dr. Tomlinson called in consultation. It was a serious case and required prompt and bold treatment, for Haggin's life was fast ebbing away. A small portion of the skull was removed and about a teaspoonful of brains, bloody and bruised taken out. At this juncture the operation for the time ceased. The doctors were in a dilemma in regard to what to fill the cavity with. Happily it occurred to one to procure a dog, rob him of a portion of his brains and transplant them into Haggin's head. In such an emergency there was no time for discussion and the experiment was tried at once. A pointer dog was immediately procured, etherized, placed near the patient, a portion of the right side of the skull removed and a sufficient quantity of the dog's brains as carefully and dextrously taken out as could be done with crude instruments at that time, nicely fitted into the vacant space in Haggin's head, the wound sewed up and the patient left comfortably easy.

As Slavins had suggested the remedy for the man, Tomlinson then proposed to replace the dog's brains with those of the man which were still lying on the table near. As it was a settled opinion that the dog would die anyhow, no objection was made and the idea was carried out.

Now comes the most wonderful part of the story, for both patients recovered; the man after a long siege of careful nursing and the dog without further attention or trouble. A curious result, however of the change of brains was noticeable in both Haggin and the dog. The canine would never afterward go near a well, but made a regular habit of going every morning before breakfast to a certain Main street bar-room, slipping in the back way and winking at the bar keeper with his right eye. Haggin got along all right and lived a long time, but ever afterward, when he would see a country dog following a farm wagon on the street he would bristle up and give a savage and paralyzing growl or bark, and whenever he saw a quail he would stand perfectly rigid, holding up one foot until the bird flew away or was removed.

### Women Braver Than Men.

I was talking with a dentist the other day, and, much to my surprise, he informed me that women underwent dental operations much better than men. He said he vastly preferred women patients, because they were less trouble, submitted more easily to what was necessary to be done and bore the little hurts necessary to such operations with greater fortitude. "A woman has much more endurance," he said. "As soon as you begin to operate on a man's tooth he begins to fidget and shrink, and every time you touch a tender spot he wants to jump out of the chair. His conduct makes the operator nervous and tired. The average woman, however, will sit through a whole afternoon of drilling and filling and hammering at her teeth like a Major. You are able to do more satisfactory work for her, and feel less fatigued when you have finished. A female generally gives a somewhat louder scream than a man when she has a tooth pulled, but she approaches the forceps more bravely and is not so apt to have the toothache scared away by the sight of the dentist, as is so often the case with the patient of the male persuasion."

### Extraordinary Matrimonial Swindle.

Two women, described as English, one named Evelyn Rapp, the other Lindsay, have been arrested in Paris on the charge of matrimonial swindling. It is alleged that Lindsay, who was married in France 20 years ago, was accustomed to advertise in some of the newspapers, offering in marriage a young widow possessing a million francs, or "a wealthy girl who has lost her reputation." To those who took the bait she produced Rapp, who is 25 years of age, and the latter is said to have visited England with several Frenchmen in succession, to have gone through the marriage ceremony, and to have disappeared next day, not only with the wedding presents, but with any jewelry within her reach. Rapp was arrested in a high class hotel just as she was about to start to England to meet a fresh dupe. She is said to be very handsome, and to have deluded persons occupying positions so high that they were ashamed to prefer a complaint. The letters and accounts seized have, however, furnished full information. Rapp has made a confession, throwing the entire responsibility on Lindsay.

—There were 12 inches of snow at Lexington, Wednesday night.

Drunkness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 283 Madison Street, CHICAGO.

### CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Rev. J. Q. Montgomery will preach at the Christian church next Sunday morning and night.

—Mr. W. P. Tate has rented Mr. Smith's house, opposite the Baptist church and gone to housekeeping.

—The work has already begun for the purpose of enlarging the lake at the Springs and when completed it will be vastly larger than at present.

—We have examined Mrs. E. W. Jones' new stock of millinery goods and pronounce it the largest and best ever exhibited here.

—Mr. Perry White has been the proud possessor of a ten-pound boy since the 24th. Mr. Harvey Collier also rejoices over the advent of another boy since the 23d.

—Mrs. Will Kennedy is quite sick. Captain Moore is some better at this writing. Mrs. Lina Saunders, who has been sick for several months, was moved up to Mrs. Kennedy's. It is likely that the change will greatly benefit her.

—I have opened the finest, largest and cheapest stock of millinery goods and all fancy notions belonging to this line that has ever been brought to Crab Orchard. My prices are very low and I ask the public to call upon me before purchasing elsewhere. Mrs. E. W. Jones.

—Mr. Hal Moore has nicely fitted up a boat of his own, placed it on the lake at the Springs and frequently invites our young ladies to take a row on the lake. Last Saturday afternoon we joined a party, who were the first ladies to enjoy a row across its placid bosom in Mr. Hal's boat. There were two others in the party, a lady and a gentleman, who were so deeply entangled in "Love's Dilemma" that they preferred remaining quietly upon the bank.

—Miss Maggie Haines, from Louisville, is visiting Miss Mary and Lizzie Gormley. Mr. Dick Ward and wife, of Paint Lick, have been the guests of his father.

Mrs. Kate Egbert is in the country with Mrs. W. M. Higgins. Mr. J. M. Brooks, of California, has been visiting relatives here. Mrs. John Slavin, accompanied by her two grand-children, two pretty little rose-buds, Katie and Mattie Christman, came up from Danville and spent several days with Mrs. E. W. Jones. Mr. Frank Clifford's handsome countenance was visible on our streets this week. Miss Jennie Kennedy has returned from Mt. Vernon.

### Bright Bits.

Letters of credit, LOU A. V. — [Danville Breeze.

A wink in time strengthens the soda-water. — [Texas Sittings.

A law that suits bad men is not a good one. — [N. O. Picayune.

The policeman should watch that others may not prey. — [N. O. Picayune.

One sees very few sealskin aquatics standing up in the street cars. — [Harper's Bazar.

The crematory is the burn from which no traveler returns. — [Pittsburg Dispatch.

A metaphysical paradox—Killing yourself with hard work to get a living. — [Funny Folks.

A prominent minister in Fremont is credited with being a good one to tie two. — [Omaha Bee.

Lotta is now worth over a \$1,000,000. Pshaw! That's a Lotta money for so little a woman. — [Life.

Many an employer would cheerfully accept a term as labor-leader at the regular salary. — [Oshkosh Times.

The man who tries to please himself has an easier time than he who tries to please everybody. — [New Orleans Picayune.

The man who would pick another man's pocket would write an anonymous communication to a newspaper. — [Lowell Citizen.

It is said that during the recent earthquake in Nice the beds in the hotels there, for the first time in many years, received a thorough shaking up.

It may seem queer to some, but after all it is but natural that at the close of day we should put on the clothes of night. — [Boston Journal of Education.

Prohibitionist—Have you the strawberry mark of high license on your left arm? Liquor dealer—No! Prohibitionist—Then you are my long-lost brother. — [Id-Eits.

A Cincinnati scientist has discovered that Mauna Loa, the volcano in the Sandwich Islands, throws mud 4,200 miles. This beats the Chicago newspapers. — [Rochester Express.

### Editorial Thousand-Mile Ticket.

If a fellow has a thousand-mile ticket on three or four roads he can be away from home half the time, and that is enough for any editor. It is pleasant to know that this vexed matter is settled. Some of us have been sweating blood for months and many have practiced walking on the right of way getting accustomed to the ties. There would have been trouble if editors had been obliged to walk. An organization had already been formed to have a bill passed compelling railroads to place their ties the same distance apart, and to put a rubber air-pad on each tie. This would have cost the railroads a great deal of money, but the editors would have been relentless and insisted on the improvement. In the interest of white winged peace the Sun is glad the vexed question is settled, as a fight between capital and labor with a "L" is always a terrible thing. — [Peck's Sun

Certain Philadelphians carry heavy life insurance policies. John Wanamaker has \$600,000 on his life, J. B. Sieton \$515,000 and Hamilton Dison \$500,000.

### GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

#### Lancaster.

—Col. L. F. Hubble has returned from Birmingham, but will go back to that flourishing city in about two weeks.

—A somewhat remarkable curiosity in the shape of an eyeless, tailless calf was given birth to a few days since by a cow belonging to Mr. John Baughman. The singular freak of nature is as frisky as any of the other animals and bids fair to thrive notwithstanding its double affliction.

—At Paint Lick Saturday George Roberts, charged with malicious shooting, waived an examining trial and was placed under a bond of \$500 until Circuit Court. Roberts, it will be remembered, is the man who, in company with the Best boys and John Hensley, shot into the school-house at Paint Lick recently. He is just recovering from the wounds he received on that occasion.

—Sam Sutton and Clayton Ray, two colored men, whose reputations are not above reproach, were arrested Monday charged with being the parties who furnished the prisoners in the county jail with files and saws with which they came near making an escape a few days ago. They were released on bail and will be tried Friday. Jailer Rothwell is positive that they are the guilty ones and will prosecute them to the extent of the law.

—Orange Walker, a well-known colored man, was exercising a vicious horse, the property of Mr. Solon Henry, Monday afternoon, when the animal reared up and fell on him. Walker's leg was caught under the horse and crushed in a horrible manner, some of the bones protruding through the leg of his pantaloons. The injured member was amputated Tuesday by Dr. Kinsaid and O'Neal, who report Walker's condition very favorable.

—Mr. James Duncan went to Louisville Wednesday on a brief visit. Miss Bettie Bolton, of Richmond, has taken a position in the dry goods establishment of J. G. & C. W. Sweeney. Mrs. Sam M. Anderson, of Gallatin, Tennessee, is visiting relatives in this county. Miss Nellie Crumbles, of Kingston, Tennessee, is a guest of Miss Eliza Smith. Miss Sara F. Anderson, a popular young lady of this county, has gone to Versailles, where she will accept a position in a millinery store. Mr. Robert E. Hughes has recovered from a slight illness. Miss Carrie Farley, of Richmond, is visiting Mrs. T. M. Johnston, Jr. Miss Farley will teach a class in painting while here.

#### Standford's Opening Gun.

"Say what you please," remarked the prohibition candidate for governor to the Louisville Times, "Dr. Standford made a great speech at Elizabethtown yesterday. He was in great form physically and mentally, and though he did not talk over half an hour, there was business in every word he uttered and he set all who heard him to thinking. As he stood up before that great audience, the best dressed man I ever saw, straight as an oak, massive in body and brain, discussing practical statesmanship in a manner masterly in its strength and simplicity, he impressed me as a man whose height and depth, length and breadth I had never before fully realized. If he continues to completion his canvass of the State as he inaugurated it yesterday, he cannot but make a powerful impression on the awakening people of the Commonwealth."

This description of a hanging is from a New Zealand paper and shows that they do such things better than we. The condemned men walked up the ladder to the platform with a firm tread, but without the slightest bravado. They were calm and apparently quite happy, and just before the white caps were drawn over their faces they leaned forward and kissed each other. Mr. Hill engaged in prayer on the scaffold, and as he concluded suddenly the drop fell and the startling simultaneous thud of both ropes, which had a drop of eight feet, electrified those present, and all was over. There was not the slightest vibration of either rope, and, with a feeling of satisfaction all present saw that death in each instance had been instantaneous.

**ROYAL**  
BAKING POWDER  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, shoddy weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 105 Wall Street, New York

### H. K. TAYLOR.

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

WOOD WALLACE WATT COCHRAN.

**WALLACE & COCHRAN,**  
GENTS' FURNISHERS,  
518, 4th Street,  
LOUISVILLE, - - - KY.

196-2m.

**NEWCOMB HOTEL,**  
MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.  
H. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r,  
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

**AD'MIX' SALE!**

—OF—  
**VALUABLE PROPERTY!**

As Administratrix of R. R. Gentry, I will sell on his late premises, on

**ON SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1887,**

A tract of land

**CONTAINING 107 ACRES**

Adjoining the homestead, in a good state of cultivation, most of it down in grass, well watered and fenced.

I will sell also at the same time  
2 Work Mules, 2 Horses, 1 extra Saddle Horse 7 years old, 1 Denmark Saddle Stallion 2 years old, 1 Weanling Saddle Colt by On Time, 1 Brood Mare by Hubble's Denmark, in foal to Judge Ruge, 1 good Brood Mare, 8 cows with calf, two of them registered Shorthorns, 10 good grade long yearling Cattle, 2 yearling calves, 1 thoroughbred Bull (Registered), 4 grade heifer calves, 1 thoroughbred heifer calf, 80 good Ewes with lambs, 20 Shotes, 7 Sows and pigs, Farming Implements, consisting of Wood Reaper, Buckeye Mower, Hay Rake, Wheat Drill, Plows, Harrows, One good Spring Wagon, 2 two-horse Wagons, 1 good Suggy and Harness almost new. Household effects, &c.

At the same time the following horses belonging to J. C. Gentry will be sold: 1 good combined Mare 8 years old, 1 8-year-old Saddle Mare, 1 weanling Colt, 11 Texas Mares, most of them in foal to good horses.

TERMS: All sums of \$10 and under cash, over that amount a credit of four months with approved security. Terms as to land made known on day of sale.

RES. MARY C. GENTRY, Admrx.

109-t. d.

**MACK BRUCE'S**

**Buggy & Implement House.**

—I HAVE NOW—  
**A Full Line of Wheat Drills and Other Agricultural Implements, &c.**

—Besides a—  
**Full Line of Buggies and Wagons**

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a  
**Complete Stock of Lumber,**

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as  
**Low as any one.**

Isolates share of your patronage. Respectfully,  
112-17r  
**I. M. BRUCE.**

**FOR SALE!**

**Valuable Real Estate and Store Rooms.**

As Executor of Lewis V. Phillips, dec'd, I offer for sale, on easy terms, the following real estate in and near the growing town of Lancaster, Garrard county, Kentucky:

One Brick Store-room, on Public Square of said town, now used as a dry-goods room.

One frame Store-room on the Public Square, now used as a family grocery room.

Two Store-rooms on Richmond Street, near Public Square, one now used as a Millinery Store, the other as an undertaking establishment. With this block will be sold if desired a lot of ground adjoining.

One farm with house and other necessary improvements, on the Lexington Turnpike, 3 miles from Lancaster, of 137 acres.

One farm of 140 acres, 3 1/2 miles from Lancaster, near the Lexington Pike, improved, with house and necessary outbuildings.

One farm, improved, 3 miles from Lancaster, Ky., on the Lexington Turnpike of 75 acres.

And also a tract of 35 acres on Gilbert's Creek, about 4 miles from Lancaster.

As executor, I desire to sell all this property. I am empowered by the will to make deeds to it. A fine chance is now offered to those desiring homes or investments.

For full particulars address my Attorney, H. T. Noel, Lancaster, Ky., or the undersigned at Stanford, Ky.

J. M. PHILLIPS, Executor.

**H. C. RUPLEY,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

—I have received and still receiving—  
**New Goods for Spring and Summer**

Comprising the best in the market, which will be  
**Gotten Up in Style and Made Second to None in City or Country**

**Give Me a Trial.**  
**H. C. RUPLEY.**

**Wall Paper,**

**Furniture,**

**Cases, Caskets, Robes.**

**Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.**

**B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.**



Every sack guaranteed to give satisfaction.

**CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK,**  
OF LANCASTER, KY.

**CAPITAL - - - \$135,000.00**

This Bank solicits accounts of individuals, firms and corporations. Its facilities for making collections, in all parts of the United States, are unsurpassed, and customers are at all times granted any reasonable accommodations they see proper to ask. We beg to offer our services to the citizens of neighboring counties, without banking facilities, and assure them that any business sent us shall at all times have prompt and faithful attention.

**DIRECTORS:**  
J. M. HIGGINBOTHAM,  
LEWIS Y. LEAVELL, JOEL J. WALKER,  
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L. F. HUBBLE, T. M. ARNOLD,  
JOS. SIMPSON, B. G. MULLINS.

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J. P. SANDIFER, CASHIER,  
R. F. HUDSON, TELLER.

**For Sale at a Bargain.**

I offer for sale privately in Stanford, Ky., a very desirable residence with seven rooms and porch. Well of water at the door; stable, smoke house, &c. About an acre of ground in the lot. For terms, &c., apply to  
**B. G. ALFORD,**  
168-  
Agent for J. R. Allford.

**PIANOS!**

We are opening the most carefully selected, the finest and best stock of

**PIANOS AND ORGANS**

Ever brought to this city. Every instrument is the pride of an artist and prices range from 10 to 25 percent, lower than other dealers ask for the same goods. Persons of musical and art culture are invited to an inspection of the beautiful, cultivated, refined tone and artist design of these celebrated instruments.

The World-renowned Knabe, the Famous Decker & Son, the Popular Everett and the Reliable New England Pianos.

The Celebrated Clough and Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs.

Please communicate with us for catalogues, terms and prices.

**S. R. & L. J. COOK,** Special Agents,  
Or ROSE R. RICHARD, post-office.

References—A. R. Pouny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Beazley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Geo. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky.

133-17r

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**Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.**

**B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.**



THE *Courier Journal* advises farmers to cultivate as little tobacco as possible this year and devote their energies to food crops. There has been such an over production of tobacco that it is now selling at much less than the actual cost of raising it, while there are 228,000,000 bushels of corn in the general supply less than a year ago, a difference of about 25 per cent; hogs are \$1.50 to \$1.75 higher than a year ago, an advance of 30 per cent; the supply of hogs in the United States is two or three million head smaller than a year ago; hog products are selling 50 to 75 per cent. higher than a year ago. As to cattle, the last summer and winter created an unprecedented havoc in the ranges of the Western States and Territories and accredited estimates put the losses from Texas to Montana, including both, at 30 to 40 per cent; the millions of cattle thus lost in the region where beef is grown more cheaply than anywhere else in the United States are necessarily a factor of the first importance in the general market supply and in determining prices to a higher range. As to sheep, the price of wool is 25 per cent. higher than it has been at the beginning of the shearing season for several years and 25 cents a pound has already been paid for fleeces on the sheep's back. The argument for food crops it will be seen is very strong, and the farmers will make money by heeding it and raising as much stock as possible.

Those newspapers that are trying to make capital out of the silly charge that Senator Harris worked convicts on his farm are succeeding only in convincing the people of the poverty of material to be used in argument against his nomination. Mr. Harris admits exactly the true state of the very small case and Lessee Charles E. Hoge corroborates him in a card published on his own option. We are no especial champion of Senator Harris, but we admire him as a man and a neighbor and firmly believe he would make a most excellent governor. At the same time we have never had aught but complimentary utterances for General Buckner, who fought in the cause we were taught to love so well and for whose brave soldiers we confess to a fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind. We shall be fully prepared to support him or any other good man that the party nominates, which is more than can be said of the Buckner organs which make relentless war on his opponent. We know a number of papers that will have to eat raw and indigestible crow for several months should Harris be the nominee and it is not at all improbable that he will not be.

MRS. LOGAN, the brave and true woman who deserves almost as much credit for the remarkable success and noble achievements of her husband, Senator Logan, as he did himself, says that she will not permit a further effort to be made to secure her a pension. Her income is fully sufficient for her wants and maintenance and she wants no government aid. Such sentiments will increase the very high regard in which she is held by every admirer of the noble and true in woman.

THE cock and bull story comes by way of a Cincinnati republican paper that certain politicians have formed a combination to nominate Harris for governor. Congressman McCrery is to take Blackburn's place in the Senate, Charles J. Bronston is to succeed Col. Breckinridge in Congress, and J. A. Jewell be made recorder of the city of Lexington. Back is to be re-elected Senator. The story bears the odor of its own improbability.

WHILE we were fooling around getting the instructions of Wolfe for our candidate, the esteemed Billy O'Bradley, Cash Clay walked off with the big county of Bourbon. By the way, the old fellow says he is going to be nominated and don't you forget it. But we have several X's which say he will not.

HON. D. W. WRIGHT beat William Meredith, present incumbent, 800 for the democratic nomination for State Senator from Warren. Meredith is a fossil, covered all over with moss, and the people of his section very wisely concluded to keep him where he could do the least harm.

WOMEN with bursate attachments to their upper lips will be interested in knowing that a New York man has invented an electrical machine that nips the down out by the roots leaving no sign of it and no chance of it ever to grow again.

—The Congress of Churches and Christians inaugurated to crush out secret societies in a session in Chicago.

—A. L. Lowe, member of the Mississippi legislature, shot and killed Charles Yaman at Benah, Miss. The trouble was about Lowe's wife.

—The members of the Inter-State Commerce Commission held their first meeting in Washington yesterday. The law goes into effect on the 4th.

—A special from St. John's, N. F., says: "The steamer Eagle, from the sealing grounds, is reported to be lost, with 200 men. No particulars have been received."

—Agnes Herndon, the actress, was taken sick at the Union Square Theatre, New York, and it is claimed that she was poisoned with fruit sent her by a lover whom she repulsed.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Hon C. J. Bronston is besieged to become a candidate for Attorney General.

—It is estimated that there has been a decrease of \$12,000,000 in the public debt in March.

—The Czar of Russia has been notified by the Nihilists that 50 men have been appointed to take his life.

—The three days' sale of the oil paintings of the Stewart estate, 217 in number, brought in a total of \$513,750.

—The Old Fellows have fully determined to build an orphan's home at Louisville at a cost of \$10,000.

—Gen. Roswell Ripley, of Ohio, a Confederate veteran and also a soldier of the Mexican war, dropped dead in New York.

—The Mississippi Valley Medical Association will convene at Crab Orchard Springs, July 13, remaining in session for three days.

—There has been placed to the credit of the pension agent for Kentucky \$20,000 for the payment of pensions to the Mexican war veterans.

—Broadway, New York, property touched its highest price last week when a lot 25x100, between Liberty and Cedar, brought \$456,200.

—A \$500,000 cotton seed oil mill is to be erected at Montgomery, Ala. The same syndicate will build seven others in various parts of the South.

—The yacht Dauntless came in one day, six hours and forty minutes behind the Coronet in the race across the Atlantic. The contest was for \$10,000.

—The prohibitionists have nominated Danl. J. Curry for the legislature in Mercer. Phil Thompson will likely be re-nominated on the democratic ticket.

—The State of Texas is building a \$5,000,000 State House of native granite and marble and the legislature has just voted \$100,000 to furnish the structure.

—The cotton mills of the West Point Manufacturing Company, of West Point, Georgia, were burned Monday evening. Loss \$200,000; insurance \$150,000.

—Jane Hayden, colored, who was placed in jail at Somerset, Ky., until she could be sent to the insane asylum, smothered herself to death with a blanket.

—Suit has been instigated against W. J. Stokes, former pension agent for Tennessee for alleged shortage in his accounts of \$371,304. He was one of the rascals that has been turned out.

—The rare case of a man dying from natural causes while awaiting the execution of his death sentence, occurred at St. Louis Tuesday. A wife murderer cheated the gallows that way.

—A woman was buried at Mitchell, Indiana, about whom the doctors could not agree as to whether she was dead or alive. She had been motionless and cold for four days, but was not stiff or colorless.

—Wm. Hogarty, of Boston, was arrested for keeping his barber shop open in violation of the Sunday laws, and on his trial it was decided that "shaving on Sunday is not a work of necessity, or charity."

—The beauties of railroad travel on the Intercolonial road in Canada are illustrated by a train which had been 100 hours covering two miles through the snow drifts which hide the telegraph poles and wires.

—A tow-boat on the Ohio the other day carried 30 coal boats, six barges and three other craft, occupying a length of 1,015 feet and a width of 262. On these boats were 826,011 bushels, equal to 31,388 tons.

—It seems that the Inter-State Commission is without a republican representative after all. Messrs. Cooley and Walker are charged with being full-blooded Mugwumps, and voted for Cleveland at the last election.

—Joseph Sommers died at a Brooklyn hospital, having survived for six months a fall which dislocated his neck. He was completely paralyzed, but showed signs of improvement after efforts of the surgeons to set his neck straight.

—An association has been formed in Virginia to erect at Chancellorsville, on the spot where Stonewall Jackson fell, a monument to the great general's memory. The contribution of a dollar makes any one a member of the association.

—Gov. Knott has telegraphed to the manager of the National Drill at Washington, entering one regiment, one battalion, two infantry companies, one platoon of light artillery, one platoon of mounted guns and a rifle team of Kentucky troops.

—James Kelly, who is now at the poorhouse in Marion county, in the 97th year of his age, says that he saw the funeral procession of George Washington in 1799. He was born in Maryland and brought up in Washington City. —[Lebanon Standard.]

—There are on the United States pension roll the names of 265,000 persons to whom the people pay annually \$75,000,000. There are on file 287,000 unadjudicated applications, which, if allowed, will double the appropriation, and other claims are filed at the rate of 5,000 a week.

—Governor Marmaduke has signed the bill recently passed by the Missouri Legislature, which brings St. Louis under the action of a strict Sunday law, closing saloons and beer gardens, stops the running of street railroads, the publication of newspapers, all manual labor and all kinds of traffic.

—A special term of court is to be held at Ozark, Missouri, on the 19th of April for the trial of the 16 Bald Knobbers now confined in jail for the murder of Chas. Green and William Edens in Christian county two weeks ago. The prosecution is certain of convicting all the parties and that all of them will either hang or serve long terms in the penitentiary.

—Ex-Governor Thomas S. Reynolds, of Missouri, threw himself down an elevator shaft in the St. Louis custom-house, crushing his head and causing instant death. He was haunted by the dread of insanity, and died to escape its horrors.

—Another attempt on the Czar's life is reported; this time within the Gatchina Palace. The Nihilists have murdered a wealthy man because he refused them financial aid, and promise others the same fate. The mobbing of American missionaries in Smyrna is reported.

—There are 4700 postal clerks in the service, about 2,200 of which are democratic appointees. They are paid from \$800 to \$1,300. These clerks last year handled the enormous number of 5,329,521,475 pieces of ordinary mail matter. The whole number of miles of service performed was 100,723,910—or more than 4,000 times the circumference of the globe.

—Rev. Joseph Rowell, in a paper on "Hereditry," read before the Congregational Club of San Francisco, took the ground that society should, as a means of protection, reduce the increasing proportions of crime and of the criminal classes by depriving criminals and also their progeny, when hereditary criminal instincts begin to develop themselves, of the power of propagation.

RELIGIOUS.

—A union revival held by the Methodists and Baptists at Hopkinsville has resulted in 50 conversions.

Rev. H. C. Morrison's meeting at Paris is creating great interest and no house in the city is large enough to hold the crowds, but the *Kentuckian* reports only two additions to date.

—A Presbyterian church will be dedicated in Cynthiana next Sunday. Rev. Dr. Glass, of Richmond, will preach in the morning, and Rev. Dr. Kinnaird, of Midway in the evening.

—Mrs. Vonholz and daughter, Ida, the women evangelists, are creating a sensation in Cincinnati. Hundreds have professed religion and 35 claim to have received the blessing of perfect love.

—Meeting for the children of the town next Sunday at 3 in the afternoon at the Baptist church. "Calk" sermon by Rev. Percy G. Elsom and address by Rev. A. S. McFlett. Missionary service at 11 A. M. All cordially invited.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—A No. 1 milk cow and young calf for sale. B. K. Wearan.

—The sale of R. R. Gentry's personality occurs to-morrow, 21.

—A. M. Feland sold to Crit Eabanks & Bro., a bull calf for \$40.

—M. C. Portman bought of A. Camenisch 8 fat cattle at from 3 to 3½ cents.

—For SALE.—A splendid milk cow and young calf. Terms reasonable. R. E. Barrow, Stanford.

—In Louisville cattle are active and firm at 2 to 4½; hogs are steady at 4 to 5½; sheep quiet at 3½ to 4½.

—Five pork houses belonging to Pfaffinger, Beck, Hoch & Huttie, burned in Louisville. Loss \$18,000; partially insured.

—The total winter packing in the West is 6,439,068 hogs against 6,298,995 last year. The average weight of hogs 7.67 pounds lighter than a year ago. The aggregate production is equal to 50,597 less hogs than last year at the same average weight. The yield of lard is 1.68 pounds per hog lighter.

—R. E. Pace has recently bought about 700 lambs, paying 5 cents for those delivered from June 1st to June 20th, and 4½ cents for July delivery. Byrd Ridd and Andy Tribble have bought about 250 hogs to be delivered from the 1st to the 15th of April, at 4½ to 5 cents a pound.—[Winchester Democrat.]

—WINCHESTER COURT.—About 500 cattle on the market; no choice cattle. Plain steers weighing 800 or 900 pounds brought from 3½ to 4 cents; scrub cattle from 2½ to 3½ cents. There were about 150 mules and a good many sold at prices ranging from \$100 to \$150.

—Farmers who have gentlemen's driving horses should fit them for market as soon as possible. The demand for this class will probably be much better for the next two months than during the remainder of the year. Dealers like to have them in good flesh and well broken. A little extra care and feed just now will prove a good investment.—[C. J.]

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—The peaches seem to be nearly all destroyed by cold weather this week.

—Gorton's New Orleans Minstrels are booked for the Opera House April 7th.

—For the eleventh time there is a little stranger at the residence of County Assessor George D. Batterson.

—William Silliman has brought into Danville within the last ten days for shipment to New York City 5,000 dozen eggs.

—The meeting of the Baptist church, conducted by Rev. J. D. Hale, will be continued next week; 11 additions; thus far.

—The literary societies of Mt. Xenia and Willow Grove school houses hold a joint debate Friday night, the subject for discussion being, "Should foreign emigration be prohibited?"

—A number of young men and boys have been summoned to appear before the police court this (Thursday) evening to answer a charge of shooting guns and pistols within the town limits.

—Aunt Tamor Craig, a well known and highly respected old colored woman, is hopelessly ill with cancer. Mr. Edward McCarty is confined to his bed from injuries received by being thrown from a young horse several weeks ago.

—Dr. Harry Phillips has returned from a business trip to Indiana and Illinois.

Messrs. H. C. Lynch and D. K. Sawyer, of Knoxville, Tennessee, are in town looking about for fine trotting horses. John Potts, telegraph operator at the depot, will shortly be transferred to Somerset, at an increased salary.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—March is vindicating its old reputation. Having "come in like a lamb," it does not seem disposed to go out at all.

—Farmers are not particularly jubilant over the late opening of spring and seem disposed to vote agriculture a delusion. In fact since the unfolding of the buried treasures of Birmingham, the astonishing capabilities of Chattanooga and the gaseous possibilities of Harrodsburg, Junction City and the Hanging Fork, it is a settled question that our plodding ancestors "walked in darkness all the days of their pilgrimage." Unfortunately there are still a few who obstinately adhere to old notions and there is still a suspicion that the production of the vulgar appliances of food and raiment will still be adhered to, at least to a limited extent. In fact the desire to get rich by means of speculation is demoralizing the whole of this great nation. Our grandest possession is a fruitful soil and a passably genial climate; and our natural and appointed mission is to cherish the one and utilize the other. There is more sound philosophy in the old maxim, "Make hay while the sun shines," than in whole volumes of modern science. The present rage for boring and tunneling amid the buried mysteries of this ancient earth, changing its formation, consuming its elements and destroying its equilibrium, will yet have its history, provided there is anybody left to write that history. There is an old sentence recorded against the race, a matter of some six thousand years ago, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," which has been verified in every hour of our history. Practically and literally the same dictum is stamped upon speculative fortunes. Multitudes of comfortable estates won by patient toil and prudent painstaking are continually converted into cash, embarked in adventure, and lost in the bursting of the glittering bubble. But breakfast is ready!

IN MEMORIAM.

—At the last meeting of the McElroy Gleaners the following was spread on the minutes:

With the deepest sorrow we record the fact that since our last meeting the names of Lettie McKinney and Belle Bourne, members of this mission, have been stricken from our roll by the Angel of Death. Yet that sorrow is greatly alleviated by the consciousness that their names have only been erased here to be recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life; that the Master, in whose service they had begun so early to labor, has called them to His presence in the morn of their existence, and spared them the trials, temptations and vicissitudes of a lifetime. All know that our loss is their gain, yet it is hard to give them up. Especially is the affliction severe since the two buds that gave promise of making the fairest flowers have been plucked so near together. While still suffering from the agony caused by the shock of the first summons, we are called upon to mourn for the second. These two little girls, so similar in disposition, so earnest, so gentle, so true, set an example which we all should follow. In that case the separation will only be short, for we will be permitted to greet them on the last great day, when they arise more lovely and pure than the violets that bloom above their graves.

The observations of the wife of one of the present Secretaries show that the life of a Cabinet officer is not altogether pleasant. "I hardly ever see my husband to talk with him," said the Cabinet lady, "save at breakfast and a few minutes before and after dinner, when he reads his newspaper and before he goes to his room, where a table full of official papers awaits him. He sleeps alone, so as to get all the rest possible, with a lamp by his bedside and when he is awake he turns up the light and reads until he becomes drowsy. Some nights he spends with the President until very late."

A man has just been cremated in Effia lo who will find it difficult to prove his exact affinity in the next world. He was born a Jew and married in that faith in St. Louis; then he went to Utah and became a Mormon and married two wives. His first wife got a divorce and pretty soon he got one from the other two and joined the Protestant Church in Omaha. This didn't suit him, and he became a spiritualist and after this he became an agnostic and died.

"Prisoner," said a Nevada judge, "what have you to say to this indictment; are you guilty or not guilty?" "Before I answer the question judge, I'd like to ask your honor if this little spectacled dude is all the lawyer I've got?" "That is Mr. Ferguson, sir," responded the judge, sternly; "I have appointed him to defend you, as you seem to have no counsel." "Judge," said the prisoner, sighing heavily, "I'm guilty."

A Pennsylvania farmer who blew out the gas in a Chester hotel noticed just as the flame was extinguished a little green tag attached to the burner. He got into bed, but his curiosity to know what was on that tag led him to get up again, light the gas and look. He saw printed on the tag, "Do not blow out the gas, or it will cause immediate death."

Consul Tanner, of Chemnitz, reports that the beer production of Germany in 1885 was 1,100,000,000 gallons, enough "to make a lake more than a mile square and six and a half feet deep, or it would make a running stream as large as some of our rivers."

WALL PAPER,  
WALL PAPER,  
WALL PAPER,  
--AT--  
M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S

T. R. WALTON,

GROCCER,

MAIN AND SOMERSET STS.

N. Y. SEED POTATOES,

ONION SETS,

GARDEN SEEDS!

My Potatoes are all New York stock and consist of Early Rose, Peerless, Burbank and Beauty of Hebron.

I have a Garden Seed, both in bulk and in papers, embracing all the best varieties.

All goods sold at reasonable prices.

Mark Hardin, late of Monticello, Clerk.

JOE F. WATERS.

JOHN F. DAVIS.

WATERS & DAVIS,

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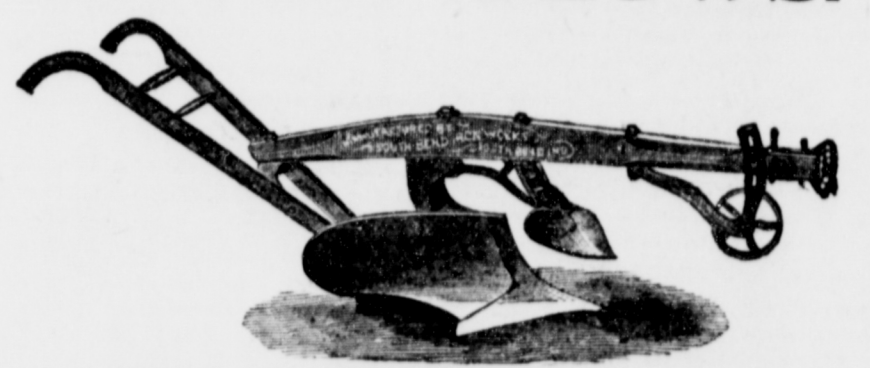
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MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.

A Big Stock of Brand New Goods and "quick sales and small profits" is our motto. The patronage of prompt paying customers, only, is very respectfully solicited.

The attention of the ladies especially is called to our large line of beautiful Glassware.

OLIVER PLOWS!



W. H. HIGGINS

Is still selling the old reliable OLIVER, and also has an improvement, that is destined to make it much more popular than it has ever been.

Don't buy a pump until you see the BUCKET ELEVATOR, and for cutting boxes buy the SECTION CUTTER. JEWEL and ECONOMIST RANGES, NEW ARIZONA COOK STOVES, &c.

Also a general line of Hardware, Groceries, Salt, Lime, Cement Flue tilting, &c.

W. R. McKINNEY, AUGUST WEIDINGER } Salesmen.

Penny & M'Alister  
PHARMACISTS.

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

—Also—

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and Warranted.





Semi-Weekly Interior Journal  
SIX PAGES.

WASHINGTON CITY IN 1862.

Overrun by the Riff-Raff of all Creations—What a War Correspondent Saw.

Washington at the time I went there in July, 1862, was a cesspool into which drained all the iniquity and filth of the nation. It was filled with runaway negroes, contractors, adventurers, office seekers, gamblers, confidence men, courtiers, uniformed officers shirking their duty, and the riff-raff, the offscourings of all creation. The streets were dirty, the hotel but little better than kennels, the boarding houses unclean and extortionate, and although there was a pretense that intoxicating liquors were not sold, drink could be had anywhere and universal drunkenness prevailed.

In addition to these characteristics the city was an immense hospital. Every church was occupied by the sick and wounded; the saloons, galleries and ante rooms were thronged with patients. Every vacant lot was occupied with long, low, temporary structures devoted to the victims of the war. Nearly every house of more than ordinary magnitude had a sentry in front of it, while the pale faces at the windows indicated the use to which it was being put by the authorities. All the heights about the city were covered with whitewashed buildings, which were crisscrossed with sick and wounded Federal soldiers.

I had a little hospital experience which is at least curious if not very interesting. I encountered one day an old acquaintance, Dr. Robert Thomas, whom I had known in the west, and who informed me that he was in charge of a Kalamazoo hospital, and invited me to visit him. I agreed, and we were soon whirling out into the suburbs in an ambulance and behind a speedy pair of horses which the government had placed at the disposal of the surgeon. Kalamazoo heights, as the name indicates, is a beautiful location, none more so being at that time in the vicinity of the capital. On the grounds was a magnificent building which had once belonged to the famous Joel Barlow, but which had been taken by the government for a hospital. We drove through magnificent surroundings and finally found ourselves seated in a sumptuously furnished drawing room which the doctor reserved for the reception of visitors. He produced some bottles of wine, which, being excellent in quality, the weather hot, and we very thirsty after the drive, were swallowed with satisfaction and without limit.

An hour or so later the hospital surgeon invited me to look through the wards. He had, he assured me, the model institution of the kind in the north. We went through splendid rooms, clean and palatial enough for the residence of princes. In each ward were cots occupied by the soldiers, all of whom seemed so comfortable that I thought that being ill under such circumstances was a luxury which would tempt a Sybarite. The last room we visited was one occupied by "contrabands," concerning whom the doctor remarked with a peculiar smile: "These are cases of variola nigra."

The play on the word nigra first attracted my attention, and I responded with the stereotyped "yes, very good!" and then instantly there flashed over me the meaning of the good word, variola.

"Good heavens! doctor, do you mean smallpox?"

"That's the English of it."

"And you are in charge of it?"

"Smallpox hospital! Yes, that's it. This is the largest establishment of the kind in the north, and the best, too, if I do say it."

I was shocked, alarmed, frightened, horrified and intensely outraged at the trick which had been perpetrated on me. I attempted the indignation, I mathematized the doctor in the most vigorous English I could command, and finally became silent for want of breath. At length I determined to make the most of the situation, and, supposing that I would be certain to have the disease, I sent for my traps and resolved to remain in the hospital till I had the malady, so that I might receive proper treatment.

I stayed at Kalamazoo for two months waiting for an attack of smallpox. I went freely through the wards, talked with the patients, and made no effort to avoid the contagion, as I felt certain that I would be attacked. At the end of two months I had experienced no symptoms of the disease, and becoming satisfied that I was, for the nonce, smallpox proof, I moved back into the city.

"Polinto" in Chicago Times.

Twenty Quails in Thirty Days.

I see another man has made a failure to eat thirty quails in thirty days. It has been done by several people, but I can assure you it is a very great feat, and the man who accomplishes it has a stomach of which he may be proud. I have often wondered why a man cannot eat thirty quails in thirty days, and have never had the reason satisfactorily explained. On one occasion my curiosity got the better of me, and in the interest of science I quietly started out to see if a strictly temperate and healthy man could not eat quail right along without feeling any bad effects. Well, I disposed of twenty. I began to weaken before I reached that number, but I persisted until it became too great a punishment and then I quit. I presume I could have eaten thirty, but consulting my health and comfort I concluded that my curiosity had been sufficiently gratified and quit. It was a long time after that before I could endure the sight of quail on the table, and even now half a dozen a year are enough for me, and they have to be fixed up in a very tempting manner if I touch them."—Councilman Temple in Globe-Democrat.

Telegraph Operators Rapid Writers.

During the great Boston fire an operator in New York received 248 messages between 7 o'clock and noon, and sent 216 during the afternoon of the same day. The messages, including the addresses, signatures, data lines and "checks," averaged thirty words. Thus during the five hours he was wielding the pen he copied over 7,500 words, or 1,500 words an hour. There were a dozen operators in Philadelphia who could beat even that if they were called upon to do it. These men would probably not break the sender once in an hour if the latter was a good operator, and, when through, it is doubtful if they would remember a word they had penned. The operator is simply a machine. The sound of the instrument enters his ear and runs out his arm to the nib of his pen to the paper. The writing becomes almost involuntary.—Exchange.

Chewing Coca Leaves.

The natives of Peru chew the leaf of the coca bush from which the cocaine is extracted, and it produces in a modified degree the same results as the sulphate of cocaine when taken internally, reports of whose ravages appear in the papers from time to time. The miners of that country will not work more than twice a day for half an hour they are allowed to chew their ration of leaves, and then they are ready to endure any hardship and work day and night. They are absolutely enslaved by it, as it is said that any one beginning to use it is bound to be.—Detroit Free Press.

CONTRADICTION.

I said to you No; and No—no—no! You turned so white as you heard! Whom else, in the world, would have loved me so, And—taken me at my word?

But to you, Yes—yes—yes—I say; Ah, now, that you cannot hear! And now, that your eyes are turned away, I beckon to bring you near.

Ah! so it goes in this world of ours, There is always too much at stake, We cannot guess at the thorns, for flowers, Nor at joy, for the hearts that break! —Mary Anne De Vere.

NEVER TO BE INTERVIEWED.

A Newspaper Correspondent Ordered to Interview President Arthur.

"Interview the president as to the probability of an extra session, and reasons therefor." Such was the arbitrary command telegraphed from the managing editor of one of the leading newspapers of the country. The correspondent who received the senseless command simply answered:

"President refuses to be interviewed on any subject."

And the managing editor, thinking that he knew more about it than his correspondent, wanted to know if the latter had attempted to get a hearing, and entered into a controversy of some length about it.

When the celebrated Nutt-Dukes murder trial was terminated at Pittsburgh a few years ago and Nutt was acquitted a prominent Pennsylvania newspaper management, believing that the city of Washington was absorbed with the trial, telegraphed its representative there:

"Interview President Arthur, his cabinet and the principal diplomats of Washington about termination of Nutt trial."

The correspondent was stunned for a few seconds. He hardly knew whether to accept the contents of the dispatches as the work of a punster about the office, or one of the arbitrary and senseless freaks of an editor. Reflection convinced him that the demand was given in sober earnestness. The absurdity of the president's members of the cabinet would express an opinion on the verdict of the jury, even though they had kept trace of the trial sufficiently close to do so intelligently and justly. The diplomats knew nothing about the matter, and, if they did, would scrupulously refrain from making any comments, because the juries in the countries outside of this settle questions and the public swallow the result unthinkingly.

Presidents of the United States never suffer themselves to be interviewed for publication upon any subject. The memory of the present generation of correspondents does not run back to the time when a president has authorized a person to quote him in the prints, or even talk for general information for the press. Occasionally a cabinet officer is interviewed, but almost invariably it is upon personal matters, as it is considered undiplomatic to be interviewed on impersonal matters, or in reference to subjects for official action. Frequently there are interviews published and credited to the president, but they are bogus. The only way in which the president can be interviewed on current matters is through the third person.—Washington Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Story of Washington Society.

There is a secret in Washington involving the name of a senator's wife of whom the following is told, as having occurred recently: The senator's wife in her round of visits called on a lady whose marriage within a year was one of the events talked of in official society, on account of the high official position of her husband. The senator's wife, as the story goes, called on the lady's day, and was received with much cordial politeness, as were all callers. In a little while said, in first salutation, the senator's wife said, "Is it true, Mrs. Blank, that you were a clerk in one of the departments before your first marriage; and did your mother keep a boarding house?"

The hostess proved equal to the unexpected assault as she also proved herself a woman of good breeding—which cannot be said of her visitor.

"Yes," she replied, with perfect dignity and good temper, "it is true that I was a clerk in one of the departments before my first marriage. But my mother did not keep a boarding house. If she had I should have had a home and there would have been no necessity for me to be a clerk, you know."

The name of the senator's wife is the secret society people are just now trying to find out. The name of the woman who made the womanly answer is known and she is commended on all hands for courage and good sense. She is likely to be liked for herself rather than for the social position given by her husband's prominence.—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

Spanish Private Postal Service.

The bankers and merchants of Barcelona and Madrid propose to start a private postal service, paying the government the postage on the letters carried. The reason given for this curious proposal is that robberies in the Spanish postoffices are so frequent that it is unsafe to transmit money through the post. In short, it is stated that the Spanish post-office is in a terrible state of disorganization, and it is surprising that this state of things should have been ignored by successive ministries, all apparently solicitous to promote the industrial needs of the country. The civil departments of the Spanish administration, like the military departments, are overburdened with employees receiving very small salaries, and who are therefore not beyond the reach of temptation.—Boston Transcript.

Mixing the Speeches.

In the Grant-Greeley campaign of 1872 grave complaint was made that Democratic speeches were mailed under Republican franks. A formal investigation took place, and the senate committee on contingent expenses, after grave and solemn investigation, found that a number of thousands of speeches of various senators were sent to a lady to be folded and put in envelopes. She innocently did her work promiscuously piled them all into one heap, and then carefully counted out the number for each. An attack of cholera is a feeble comparison, and it made as much fuss as swapping a couple of thousand babies.—Ben; Perley Poore.

Poisonous Machine Oil.

Take care how you let any machine oil or lubricator come in contact with a cut or scratch on your hand or arm, as serious blood poisoning may result. In the manufacture of some of these machine oils fat from diseased and decomposed animals is used. All physicians know how poisonous such matter is. The only safeguard is not to let any spot where the skin is broken be touched by any machine oil or lubricator.—Power.

In Germany women go from house to house dusting furniture and tending to drawing room flowers and plants. It is a regular business.

Mrs. Horace Helyar continues to be the beauty of the diplomatic corps at Washington. She weighs 150 pounds, too.

The more often carpets are shaken the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the thread.

WOMAN AND HOME.

TAXING THE FAULTS AND INDULGENCES OF THE FAMILY.

Baby's Health—Thoughts on Women. Good Meat—Nervous Prostration—Punishing Children—For Teachers—Feminine Views—Notes and Paragraphs.

The saving of a few pennies here and there in the household expenses will in time give results such as no housekeeper who has not tried the plan would believe. An excellent little mother of a large family uptown keeps a little bank on the sitting room mantel into which is dropped a penny each time a slang word is used, a dish broken, a hat or coat flung carelessly on a chair, or any other rule of the house disobeyed. In this way a neat little sum of perhaps a dollar is collected each month, and is always ready to lay claim to beautify their modest little apartment. Last month it was a low crimson globe for the parlor lamp, and the month before materials for a handsome sofa cushion, made by the oldest daughter.

A younger housekeeper has found a way that is not altogether new, that gives her many pretty articles each year. Every evening her better half must confess how much he has spent on cigars or tobacco, and deposit a similar amount in a pretty little box. If she indulges in candy she hands back from the box the amount she has spent, and if she has the flu she hands back the amount of the flu. Last month she only made about 15 cents a day; now she collects from 40 to 50 cents regularly, and as she only eats a pound of 60-cent candy a week her gains are considerable. Last month they were over \$14. Even 10 cents each day would in a year amount to the nest sum of \$36.50, and it seems only fair that the wife should be allowed the same amount for personal luxuries, especially when she does not use it in health destroying tobacco.

There are any number of ways, in which, very little of course, may be levied on the members of the home for the advantage of all. Every time the head of the house is late for supper take one penny, every time the mistress forgets to sew on buttons, when the want has been brought to her knowledge, she must also forfeit a penny. Finding fault with the coffee, being cross to the children, changing servant girls or washwomen oftener than once a month, bringing company home to dinner without the knowledge and permission of the mistress, sleeping until after church time on Sundays, forgetting errands and all such light but trying sins should be paid for and the money used for the advantage of the family. Two or three good magazines, pictures, books and even a piano might be purchased with such a fund.—New York Journal.

Hints for Baby's Health.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is an old adage, and it is well to remember in these days of croup, measles and diphtheria, said a prominent physician recently to a reporter. "One of the first safeguards against disease is pure air and exercise. Nothing increases the activity of the lungs like bodily exercise, and in order that it may be beneficial to the whole system it should be carried on in the open air. Some of them are too young to leave the nursery, and it is here that their little lives are very often imperiled by ignorant mothers and nurses. Gas and paraffine lamps should never be used in the nursery. In almost every room where gas is burned a plant will drop and die. Children are like plants; they require above all things pure air, light and sunshine—not gaslight, but daylight, sunlight, and as much of it as possible. The nursery in my house is the largest and sunniest room under the roof. In it there are no heavy hangings to hold the dust and obscure the light, nor are there any gas pipes. Gas is injurious in many ways. Its light is too strong for a babe's eyes; it absorbs all the pure air in the room before the child can get a chance to breathe its little lungs. It is always the danger of leakage. These leakages may be so small as to be imperceptible, but quite large enough to be pernicious to health.

Purity of water, however, is almost as essential as purity of atmosphere. This can be had by boiling all the water necessary for the nursery before it is used. Such treatment removes all impurities and destroys their effect. Another good thing to remember is the necessity that exists for fat in some form as an element of children's diet. I have seen fathers and mothers, to whom the state of the article was unknown, deny their children sufficient butter to make their bread palatable. This is wrong. Butter should never be spared. Any parent who denies their children this commodity deserves to pay the doctor, and to pay him well, too. Children who are given enough butter and other fats rarely suffer from nervous joints and scrofulous glands, to say nothing of marasmus, tuberculosis, hydrocephalus and consumption. Besides the ounce of prevention matter, parents would do well to bear in mind that other old saw, which advises us not to be penny wise and pound foolish.—New York Mail and Express.

A Woman's Thoughts on Women.

I have been sitting by the fire knitting and thinking, trying to plan out something for the future, until in sheer weariness I stop and come to the conclusion that too much thinking is not good for a woman. They say she jumps at conclusions and gains the same result that man arrives at by laborious effort. I feel sure I was nearer right on the subject an hour ago than I am now, after trying to see all sides of it, and losing my courage over its dangers. I can't remember Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Female seminary, and her rule of action which she taught her pupils. "Walk straight in the path of duty, satisfied to see one step at a time, and trust that light will come for the next step;" and she assured them from her own experience that light always came. Mary Lyon's nature was a strong, rugged one, of the true New England type, and her brave spirit did not shrink if the light disclosed sharp rocks for her feet instead of tender grass; but she reached her goal of great usefulness to other women, and gave them the benefit of length that has been, and will be, handed down to many generations. Her rule presupposes a strong faith in overruling spiritual agencies, and also a firm adherence to duty, whether pleasant or painful. Will it apply to the present generation and help us, for instance, in rearing a large family of children upon a limited income? Will it decide the question of what our young men and maidens shall do when they come to the fork in the road where they must choose for themselves? Will it decide for us, when our work for them seems done for the present? They are gone from us, and yet we are not quite ready to curl up in the chimney corner and rest.—Lucy Holbrook in Herald of Health.

Overtaxing the Nervous System.

The terrors of nervous prostration—that calamity which seems a mere fancy, but is really only a new name for an old one—haunt men almost equally with women. If men follow longer against its approaches, which is doubtful, they succumb almost hopelessly, and need longer for a cure. I know young men of fine

physique, who, having for a year or two undertaken to combine too many anxieties—for instance, a broad earning occupation and the study of a profession—have taken to their bed in utter helplessness and frequent tears, and remained there for years. "More pangs and fears than wars or women have" were their penalty for an over taxation of the nervous system. The fact that, as the life insurance companies tell us, women on the whole outlive men, seems to indicate that their nerves, if more sensitive than those of men, are more elastic, and offer a better resistance to the wear and tear of events; for we must remember that it is not the great things of life which prove exhausting, but the small ones, because these call out less in the way of resources to meet them, just as people take cold more readily after a warm bath than after a cold one, for want of a reaction. "You cannot seriously maintain," said a clever woman once to me, "that any cares of political or business life can be so wearing, on the whole, as the task of cooking a dinner." Then she proceeded to explain how the cook, before every dinner, had to deal with a variety of articles of food, no two of which had to be prepared in the same manner, or manipulated with the same touch, or exposed to the same degree and kind of heat, or cooked for the same length of time; that the cook had constantly to be going from one to the other, and keeping all in mind; and that, to bring them all out in readiness at the appointed time, neither underdone or overdone, neither slackbacked nor burned, neither too cold nor too hot—that this was an achievement worthy of demigods and heroes. And I was quite inclined, at length, to be convinced, certainly it was much easier for me to own myself convinced than it would have been to cook the dinner.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

Women in Music.

Much has been written lately regarding the reason why there are no great female composers. It can be no doubt that, in other arts besides music, women have achieved but little that can lay claim to immortality. Perhaps the principal reason of this is that their affections are too exclusively personal. A girl will assiduously practice on the piano as long as that will assist her in fascinating her suitors. But how many women outside the ranks of teachers continue their practice after marriage from the impersonal love of music itself? Needless to say they have no time; for every hour devoted to emotional refreshment strengthens the nerves for two hours of extra labor.

No doubt there is something comic in the ardent affection with which a professor hugs his pet theory regarding the Greek native, or the origin of honey in flowers, and in the ferocity with which he will defend it against his friends, if they happen to oppose it. But such complete devotion to abstract theories is absolutely necessary to the discovery of original ideas; and, as women are rarely able or willing to emerge from the haunts of personal emotion, this explains why they have achieved greatness in hardly any art but novel writing, which is chiefly concerned with personal emotions. Among great performers, on the other hand, there are as many talented women as men, if not more. But it is a curious fact that even the best lady pianists seldom learn to improvise in an interesting manner. A malicious bachelor has suggested that if, in teaching harmony, the chords were made personal by calling them "Charlie" and "William" instead of "tonic" and "dominant," women would soon learn to improvise charmingly.—American Musician.

Punishing Children Sensibly.

If parents were as sure of their children as the farmer is of his cabbages, there ought to be no doubt on this point, because the experience of the parent ought to indicate at once the proper treatment for the mental disorder, assuming that all wickedness is a mental disorder. But, as a matter of fact, how often do we punish on scientific principles. If whipping is found to make Arthur an angel for several hours or days, the chances are that when Lilly comes upon the scene the efficacy of whipping will be so well established in the parents' mind that she will get a certain amount of whipping to no good, and that the failure of the punishment will be ascribed to stubbornness, which calls only for a double dose.

Perhaps the following plan, which I adopted experimentally some time ago, may commend itself to some parents, even though I have no wonderful results to offer. In an old account book I have a few pages devoted to my children; in the part devoted to each child I note the offense under the proper date, the punishment adopted, or punishments if the first has not proved sufficient, and the results. For instance, on such a day I find that Lilly, aged 4, got at the shoe blacking bottle, soiled her own hands and the baby's frock. Punishment: No cake at luncheon. Tears, but no expression of remorse. Twelve days after, according to the ledger, Lilly tried the polish bottle again; this time she was compelled to wash her own hands until the last vestige of blacking had disappeared. It took her half an hour, and there is no record of a repetition of the offense.—Philip G. Hubert in Babyhood.

Self-Respect and Courtesy.

The potency of a gracious manner was shown notably a few years ago by an incident which occurred in one of our large cities. A young girl who had been a seamstress married the son of a wealthy and influential family. Her husband brought her home while his mother and sisters, with a large number of guests, were at their country seat. It was resolved before the bride arrived that she "should be taught to know her place;" that she must be taught to realize that, although the family she was not of it.

The house was filled with experienced women of society, skilled in every method of administering snubs, from the stinging sarcasm to the smile of icy civility. The little woman who was their intended victim had neither birth, fortune, experience, nor even education to defend her. But she had a simple, self-respecting manner, softened by the most exquisite courtesy.

"It was an armor of proof," said a spectator. "If they insulted or snubbed her, she was apparently unconscious of it, and turned to them with the same gracious, cordial kindness. She conquered. The dullest woman among her enemies at last understood that the poor little girl was better bred than herself."

Stocking Frames.

I have used for many years a little device which has prevented shrinking in my children's stockings, and may be of use to other mothers. Draw the shape of your child's stocking on a piece of paper; then have this shape cut from a half inch board, planed and nicely rounded and smoothed off at the edges. Bore a hole in the top and put in a loop of string. Stretch the children's washed stockings, while wet, over this form, and hang by the loop in some warm place to dry. Several stockings can be dried on one form, over each other, but of course the drying is slower. I have two forms made for each size of stocking. Models of a similar kind can be used for drying children's woollen undershirts. I have known those already shrunk brought back nearly to their original size in this way. These models should be merely the shape of the body, since forcing them into the sleeves would be apt to tear the shirt. If we wish to stretch the sleeves we

could have separate models for them.—Babyhood.

Don't Overwork the Boys.

Farmers are sometimes very inconsiderate in the treatment of their sons. Without meaning any harm they impose labor upon boys which should be the work of men. Now the physical energies of a growing boy have already an important work allotted to them, that of building up a strong, healthy organization. The vital force cannot be exerted in making muscles and bone, and at the same time be expended in a hard day's work in the cornfield. We have seen many instances of boys being stunted and dwarfed because they were overworked by an unconscious father. When work is crowding in the fields there is a strong temptation to utilize every muscle, to provide means for the growing hogs at the expense of his own growing boy. This is all wrong. A farmer would not for an instant think of harnessing his 6-months old colt and hitching him to a plow, and why should not the growing boy have the same thoughtful consideration? Don't overwork the boys. They are all the material we have to make men of.—Atlanta Constitution.

Rules for Success.

My advice to women is possibly worthless and without merit. But this is it: If there is anything you want to do, do it, or do the next best thing.

Do not expect that when misfortune comes to you that the whole world is going to drop its shovel and come and ask you "what you would like." If you think the world owes you a living, go ahead and make it. It's there.

If you are a workingwoman of greater or less degree, don't wear the fact on a placard like a leper. The world does not look like it.

If you have a shadow of a roof tree to fly to, fly there and stay beneath it. And above all, bring up your girls, if God is good enough to give you such, to think the same.—Fannie B. Merrill in New York Graphic.

How to Know Good Meat.

Dr. Letheby lays down the following simple rules for the guidance of those in search of good meat:

It is neither of a pale pink nor of a deep purple tint.

It has a marked appearance from the ramification of little veins of fat among the muscles.

It should be firm and elastic to the touch. Bad meat is wet, spongy and flabby, with the fat looking like jelly or wet parchment.

It should have little or no odor, and the odor should not be disagreeable. Diseased meat has a sickly, cadaverous smell, and sometimes a smell of phosgene. This is discoverable if the meat is chopped and drenched with warm water.

It should not shrink or waste much in cooking.—Herald of Health.

The Feminine Point of View.

"I notice," said a lady friend the other day, "that some fool man has invented a collapsing hat for ladies to wear to public entertainments. He might have saved himself his pains. Women wear high hats simply because they are the fashion. Beauty or ugliness, comfort or convenience has nothing to do with the question. The collapsing hat is not fashionable, and that settles it. I don't know where our fashions come from or who sets them, but I know we don't. American women have nothing to do but blindly follow, and I tell you now, in all seriousness, that all the talk in newspapers and the indignation of the public has not done a particle of good. The high hats will go when the fashion changes and not a day before."—Philadelphia Call.

Lack of Privacy in Our Homes.

A correspondent writes to The Boston Transcript calling attention to the fact that in this country window shades are frequently left up after the lamps are lit. "How very odd," he says, "this would seem to an Englishman! The moment a lamp is lighted in an Englishman's house, in town or country, down goes the curtain. An American has seemingly none of that nice sense of privacy that the Englishman owns. He can sit in the bosom of his family, eat, drink, be merry, dandle his child upon his knee, poke his fire, read his paper, all untroubled to the outside world."

A Housekeeping Education.

A Rangoon English journal recently, in discussing the education of European girls in the far east, made a strong plea for the teaching of cooking and housekeeping in the schools. It declared that the general disinclination to marry among young men in the civil service who are living on a fixed salary was attributable largely to the fact that the young women were unable to do any household work, or even to direct properly the servants of a household.—Harper's Bazar.

The Effect Our Clothes Have.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in a practical talk to young women at Boston, gave a new turn to the definition of the word "becoming." Instead of garments becoming the person, she said, "we become like our clothes; if we put on a hat that is a little exaggerated in style, we give our heads a toss to correspond with it; the Quakers have calm, placid faces harmonizing with their clothing."

Imitation Ground Glass.

A very good imitation of ground glass is produced by dissolving three tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts in a pint of warm water, and applying it to the glass with a common paint brush. This answers admirably when a sort of screen is wanted. The solution must be applied to the side of the glass which is not exposed to the weather.—Atlanta Constitution.

Servants and Slave.

"How many servants do you keep?" asked an old friend of Marion Harland's husband, when they had been married about six months. "Three—and one slave," was the prompt rejoinder. "The slave is my wife."—New York Graphic.

For Teachers and Parents.

If in instructing a child you are vexed with it for want of adroitness try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.—Chicago Living Church.

Care of Flat Irons.

Iron that has been once red hot never retain the heat so well afterwards, and will always be rough. Be careful not to put them on the stove hours before they are needed, and after using them always stand them on end.

Cleaning Saucepans.

All the labor of scraping saucepans in which oatmeal or mush has been boiled may be saved by allowing the saucepan to stand on the table for five minutes before pouring the contents into the dish.

The Best Safeguard.

The sooner parents awake to the fact that the best they can do by their sons is to cause them to learn a trade, the better for the country.—Boston Budget.

Smoke stains can be removed from mica in stoves by thoroughly soaking it in vinegar.

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SALE STABLE!  
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Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.  
Baggage will be conveyed to and from the hotel free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Hotel will always supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and cigars.  
We cordially recommend your stay at the Myers Hotel as the best remedy known to us for Rheumatism and Gout. We have sold considerable, and in every case it has given satisfaction.  
Alcott & Eick,  
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Sold by Druggists.  
Price \$1.00.

Work done in the latest style, with neatness and dispatch. Ladies' and children's work invited.

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# REPROOF.

Impossible, you say; beyond your skill  
To grasp the tangled threads once more, and  
Weave  
The romance over. That no force of will  
Can bring again the old power to believe.  
Life has dropped down a blank, you cannot lift  
Its burden up and bravely journey on.  
Passive, resisting not you idly drift.  
Careless of all, since one poor joy is gone.

Shame to your manhood! Rather from the blast  
Proudly erect, fearless to die and dare.  
Beneath the heavens you now deem o'ercast.  
Such is the heart a true man's breast should  
bear.

To let one shipwrecked hope blast life and lay  
A light on all, perchance a coward can,  
But never such a word his lips should say.  
Who is in thought and deed and truth a man.

—Clara Beatrice Coffey in *Inter Ocean*.

# TELEPHONIC BURGLARY.

Mr. Bradley was standing not more than a  
foot from the telephone when it began ring-  
ing. Instantly applying the instrument to  
his ear, and calling "Hello!" he heard some  
one voice faintly back:

"Hello! Is that Mr. Bradley?"  
"Yes," he replied. "Who are you?"  
"Is it Mr. Henry A. Bradley, of Colton  
Hill?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name and residence.  
Who are you?"  
"You must not be surprised, Mr. Bradley,  
but I am a burglar in your house on Colton  
Hill."

"What on the living earth do you mean?"

"Just what I say—a burglar in your house  
on Colton Hill, and talking with you here at  
the telephone. You are necessarily excited  
by this information, but try to compose your-  
self, the squeaking voice went on.

"Great heavens! Compose myself! You  
infamous scoundrel, what are you doing in  
my house?"

"Precisely what I have said, Mr. Bradley.  
I am a professional burglar—I really hope  
you will take this quietly. It will be to your  
advantage, you know; I will show you that."

"I shall take it quietly, you say, by start-  
ing a squad of police up the hill after  
you in less than ten minutes. Say your  
prayers for strong legs, for you will need  
them more than you ever did before."

"You cannot do it, sir. Listen to me and I  
will show you that I know all about the situa-  
tion. In the first place, your house is the  
only one on this hill, except Mr. Boyd's, im-  
mediately across the street, and he is away in  
the country for the summer. In the second  
place, the nearest inhabited house is half a  
mile distant, at the foot of the hill, and the  
nearest telephone except the one in your  
neighbor Boyd's at Winchester, five miles off.  
Now, I know you might ring up the Winches-  
ter telephone, but it is a long way off, and  
besides, there is no squad of policemen there.  
I should not wonder if the town's single  
guardian were asleep somewhere in a corner.  
Don't you see that I know all about the place,  
and that you had better be persuaded to take  
it quietly?"

"What in the deuce do you want, anyhow?"  
queried Mr. Bradley, ignoring the question  
with which the burglar had ended.

"For one matter, to assure you that I am  
perfectly well posted in all your affairs, which  
will take but a few words. You are by  
present occupation Mr. Bradley, treasurer of  
the Nonantum woolen mills."

"That's correct enough."  
"And the 30th of every month you go out  
to the mills with \$10,000 in greenbacks, done  
up in a bundle, like groceries, for pay day."

"Yes, we pay our employees monthly."

"You need not be at the trouble of answer-  
ing; I will go right through with the facts of  
the case. As I say, the 30th of every month  
you go out to the mills. Well, the 30th came  
yesterday; but you missed the Lowell ex-  
press, which you usually take, and you had  
to postpone your trip until to-day. So you  
took the local train instead and you came out  
to Colton Hill, bringing the money home  
with you. Then in the evening, when sitting  
at supper, you told your wife that you dis-  
liked carrying the greenbacks so much about  
and that you would leave them in the house  
until this afternoon, when you would call for  
them on the way to the mills. Have I been  
correct?"

"Possibly; but I must tell you that the  
money is not there. It will be a great disap-  
pointment to you, but I brought it into the  
office this morning."

"Well, well, I will try to bear it. But  
listen to the rest of my tale. After supper  
you appeared to hide those greenbacks in  
some place upstairs, and this morning, for  
some reason, when you started for Boston  
with your wife, you did not have the bundle  
which you brought home with you yesterday.  
How am I to understand that?"

"By the use of your reasoning faculty.  
There are many ways of carrying money."

"My reasoning faculty is just what troubles  
me; the more I reason the more I am con-  
vinced that the money is here in this house.  
Of course you will never admit it without  
some inducement, and I therefore have a plan  
to propose for the adjustment of this whole  
matter—on a basis of mutual benefit. I mean,  
I will now state it. My name is Smith, by  
the way."

"Very well, Mr. Smith. I cannot say that  
I am glad to make your acquaintance. I  
must say that our present relation seems to  
me very unconventional."

"Unconventional, Mr. Bradley, yes, but not  
without its conveniences. Just see. Though  
a burglar in the house, I have no plan  
of the latest refinement of civilized invention  
to converse with the very owner himself,  
who knows all its nooks and corners. And  
you, also, the owner, are present at an occur-  
rence of great importance to yourself, instead  
of remaining ignorant until all is over, as  
usually happens."

"Oh, well, if you talk in that way. Pray  
how and when did you enter my house, Mr.  
Smith, and how am I to know that you are,  
in fact, talking with me from there, and not  
from some other point on the line?"

"I entered at the rear kitchen window as  
soon as I saw you and Mrs. Bradley start  
down the hill. You can easily make sure of  
my presence here by asking me some question  
about the room."

"Very well. There is a small picture over  
the telephone. Can you describe it?"

"I can. It is an etching—three mice in a  
trap. It's by Rajon."

"You are undoubtedly on the premises.  
Yes, there's no question about it; you are  
my west sitting room on Colton Hill. And  
being sure of the impossibility of interrup-  
tion, since the nearest telephone station is  
five miles distant, you have a feeling that you  
can talk matters comfortably. Do I succeed  
in grasping your view of the situation?"

"Admirably; perfectly."

"You say also that you are in communica-  
tion, by means of the latest refinement of  
civilization, as you express it, with the owner  
of this house, and that I, the owner, am as  
good as present at an affair of great impor-  
tance to myself—though I don't see yet where  
the benefit to me comes in. But you have  
some plan to propose about that."

"Just so; it delights me to hear you take  
the matter so sensibly. The truth is the  
arrangement that I have in view will be quite  
as much for your advantage as for mine; the  
money that is here—"

"No, no; you are mistaken."

"Oh, of course you must protest, Mr. Brad-  
ley, but I know that it is here, and—"

"Allow me to cannot both—"

I pay the rent for this telephone. It is  
true, indeed, that I did not bring in a bundle  
this morning, but I carried in the greenbacks  
quite the same in one of my bootlegs, and  
they are in the safe now, so that if the plan  
you have to reveal relates to them, I feel  
quite sure that it will be disappointed."

"We shall see—we shall see. Did I under-  
stand you to say that you carried the green-  
backs to the city in one of your bootlegs?"

"Yes, sir, in one of my bootlegs—the left  
one."

"I don't want to be inquisitive, but what  
sized boots do you wear?"

"Tens."

"Tens. I suppose you have three or four  
pairs of tens?"

"I suppose I have."

"Now, Mr. Bradley, before entering on this  
conversation with you, I spent some time in  
making a thorough search of your house, and  
as I was on the lookout for hiding places, I  
ran my hands into several pairs of shoes, but,  
curiously enough, I did not find a single pair  
of boots."

"Ah! I see the inference. But I cannot  
find them myself half the time. You are a  
married man, and can understand that."

"What I understand is that you avoid the  
point at issue. The time is passing, and here  
are you, no nearer a settlement. Had you  
not better acknowledge the boots, to save  
time?"

"Never, sir. I tell you I brought them in  
my boot legs."

"Well, well, we must compromise this, and  
get on faster; it is 10:30 already. Sup-  
pose we say that by the necessity of the  
case I am convinced the money is here in the  
house, and that you by the necessities of the  
case are compelled to believe that it is in the  
city. But, to save valuable time, you agree  
to waive the point of dispute on my assur-  
ance that if you will listen further you may  
see reason to modify your belief, and I agree  
not to ask you any more questions about your  
boots, or to draw inferences from the answers  
you have already given about them. Do you  
accept that?"

"I accept it, though I must say—"

"For the love of brevity, make no more ex-  
ceptions; time is flitting too fast. Can you  
not allow me to say what I have to say, and  
you remain quiet, and then you say what you  
have to say, and I remain quiet?"

"Very easily. It was you that interrupted  
me, you remember. But let that pass; I am  
listening with a hundred ears."

"Oh, very well, then. Here we are— But  
I had better begin at the first. Your house  
as I have intimated, has been pretty thor-  
oughly searched. I entered it, Mr. Bradley,  
soon after you left it, and have been at work  
ever since; and I was not afraid of Mrs.  
Bradley's return, because the habits of  
your family have been a subject of quite close  
study to me for some months, and I knew  
that when Mrs. Bradley went in town she  
always spent the day there. I knew also that  
the children were away in the country, and  
that your wife was herself keeping house dur-  
ing her absence. You perceive that I am  
posted."

"Very much so."

"Yes. It is a good part of a year since I  
began watching your monthly trips to the  
factory. Some slip was sure to come, for  
that is human nature. At last human na-  
ture repaid my trust, and I caught you nap-  
ing."

"How guilty you make me feel! I suppose  
that you deem yourself an instrument ap-  
pointed by the angelic powers to find out  
wicked cashiers?"

"Not as bad as that; I will call myself  
simply a burglar, and leave the angelic pow-  
ers to the modern business man. Well, and I  
was saying, I searched your house pretty  
thoroughly. I could find no money, and was  
about to renounce my task, when my eye  
resting on this telephone, the conception of  
consulting you about the matter flashed  
through my mind. It seemed a venturesome  
experiment, but I rung up the central office,  
got connected with you, and here we are  
talking the matter over quietly. I shall soon  
be through now. Will you continue listen-  
ing?"

"I am all attention."

"Good. I knew you were a man of quick  
wits, and that probably you would refuse to  
admit that the money is here so I made a few  
preparatory arrangements before calling you  
at the telephone. In fact, I foresaw I should  
have to compel you in some way to reveal the  
hiding place of that money; and this, Mr.  
Bradley, is the disagreeable part of my task.  
I have never burned a house down before,  
but my mind is made up to burn yours down  
unless you reveal to me the right away  
where that money is hidden. Yes, sir, I  
have just brought several armfuls of kind-  
ling wood from the cellar, and have piled it  
in the hallway and wet it with a can of kero-  
sene, so that it can all be touched off in a mi-  
nute. Now, without multiplying words—"

"Without multiplying words, Smith, I defy  
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Merely as vastness of conceit it is very hu-  
morous. This is a ridiculous bubble of a  
world."

"It is a ridiculous bubble of a world; only  
I fear you underestimate the disadvantages  
of laughing on the wrong side."

"It seems to be safe at present. Are you  
not going to answer my alternative?"

"Yes—the alternative; I was forgetting it.  
The trouble with that alternative, Smith, is  
that my mind sees another. As you say, the  
burning of the house seems entirely needless  
and disadvantageous to us both, but I should  
put it on different grounds. You assume that  
the money is out there, but I assume that it  
is in here. Here, then, is my case. On the  
one hand, if you insist on burning the house,  
you do not get the money, and you make  
yourself guilty of the crime of arson; on the  
other hand, if you sensibly go away with  
empty pockets, you leave the house for me,  
and are a guiltless man. In neither case can  
you have the money, for it is in here, and  
you have simply to put that question aside.  
Let us suppose you have put it aside. It now  
remains for you to decide whether you will  
voluntarily make yourself liable for arson.  
What could be simpler?"

"Your argument is all sophistry—hollow  
sophistry."

"So bad as that?"

"Yes; and I will tell you the little fact that  
will prove it. It is that I am becoming an  
impatient man, and have, in fact, just taken  
a bunch of matches out of my pocket."

"Then you really intend to do it?"

"The matches I tell you are in my hand."

"Don't take that fatal step quite yet; there  
is a question I want to ask you. You remem-  
ber my inquiring for some evidence that you  
really were in my house? Now how do you  
know that I am in my office?"

"I do not care whether you are or not."

"That seems to me a rather curious opin-  
ion. Here we are, Smith, talking over this  
burglary, and while I know exactly where  
you are, you have not the remotest idea where  
I am. Now suppose I am in Boyd's house,  
across the street from you; there is a tele-  
phone there."

"Yes, and suppose you are not."

"But I am. Here, in fact, we are talking  
with each other at a distance of fifty yards,  
instead of many miles, as you have sup-  
posed."

"It is a likely story!"

"Oh, of course you are incredulous; but I  
listen and I will explain it to you. Under-  
stand, in the first place, that I do not carry  
large packages of money about with me with-  
out keeping my eyes open. I have known  
for several weeks that I was being followed  
by some one, and my employees have there-  
fore set a watch, so that while you were  
waiting for me to trip we were waiting for  
you to do the same. Yesterday afternoon  
the fatal hour came; you were discovered  
looking through my window and then we  
knew what to expect to-day. Accordingly  
we arranged during the night that I should  
watch to-day in Boyd's house with two po-  
licemen. It was to have been a busy day in  
the city and I could ill spare myself from the  
office, but I told the telephone clerk to send  
all calls for me out here to Boyd's, and to  
this pretension I owe our conversation, which  
certainly has been a very extraordinary one.  
Unfortunately I cannot offer you an alterna-  
tive, Mr. Smith; I must come over with an  
officer right away and carry you off to the  
city. But you believe I am here now, do you  
not?"

"I believe it is all a weak fable."

"Will you look across the street?"

"At this point Smith opened the blind beside  
the telephone at which he had been talking,  
and was not a little astonished to see Brad-  
ley leave the opposite house and cross the street  
in the company of a very competent looking  
policeman. In a few moments they were at  
his side, and Bradley was saying, after a look  
at the burglar's undisputed countenance:

"You now have an opportunity, Smith, for  
even more direct communication with the  
owner of this house than you have heretofore  
enjoyed. Here I am, as you see, and here is  
the policeman."

"Yes, we are all very much present. It re-  
minds me of a scene in the pantomime."

"Ah! if it only were pantomime! So airy  
and ingenious a spirit as yours—but I will  
not waste words. Will you tell me where  
that pile of kindling wood is? I think I  
should like to get it off the carpet."

"That! Oh, that was an invention of mine."

"And so you did not intend to burn the  
house after all?"

"Perhaps not. At all events, I shall not do  
it now."

"I am inclined to wish, for your sake, that  
the whole affair were an invention, for the  
whole affair was a bargain with destiny. I  
fear, this time."

"Never mind about me; I am lost in ad-  
miration of your cleverness. Come on; I'm  
ready. Well, well; it's a ridiculous bubble  
of a world."—Harper's Weekly.

Grant Never Forgot His Friends.

Gen. Grant in his youth was inclined to  
the duties of the ministry, but still with char-  
acteristic in a certain business city, on various  
occasions he was so overcome that a friend  
wrote to one of the Methodist pastors and  
asked him to do what he could to save the  
young man. The pastor called upon Lieut.  
Grant, and stated what he had heard. He  
was treated with the greatest courtesy, and  
told that while he liked to drink a glass of  
wine, he was not aware that his habits had  
attracted attention, and if they had he would  
instantly curb himself. He took a pew in the  
church, and made a decided change in his  
habits.

Many years after, when the civil war had  
begun, progressed, ended, and Gen. Grant  
was president of the United States, in some  
way his thoughts were directed to the min-  
ister who had been of such service to him. He  
inquired into his situation; found him in  
some what broken health, unable to perform  
the duties of the ministry, but still with char-  
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